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Baltimore, July 14, 1830

Respected and benevolent Sir:

At the request of my counsel, and at the desire of my friend Lundy, I visited Boston and Newburyport a few weeks since, in order to get some essential evidence to be used in the civil action which is now pending against me in this city;— and also to see whether any thing could be done towards renewing, and permanently establishing, the weekly publication of the *Genius*. I left Baltimore without adequate means to carry me home, relying upon Providence to open a door of relief. On my arrival in New York, I was accidentally introduced to a gentleman named Samuel Leggett, who generously offered me a passage to Rhode-Island, in the splendid Steam-boat *President*, he being a stockholder therein. Thus I was most unexpectedly relieved of my embarrassment, and enabled to reach my place of destination. Mr L. said that he had read with indignation the proceedings of the Court at my late trial, and was glad to have an opportunity of serving me. I gave him many thanks for his kindness.

I found the minds of the people strangely indifferent to the subject of slavery. Their prejudices were invincible,—stronger, if possible, than those of slaveholders. Objections were started on every hand, apologies for the abominable system constantly saluted my ears; obstacles were industriously piled up in my path. The cause of this callous state of feeling was owing to







their exceeding ignorance of the horrors of slavery. What was yet more discouraging, my best friends, - without an exception - besought me to give up the enterprise, and never to return to Baltimore! It was not my duty, (they argued) to spend my time, and talents, and services, where persecution, reproach and poverty were the only certain reward. My scheme was ~~was~~ visionary - fanatical - unattainable. Why should I make myself an exile from home and all that I held dear on earth, and sojourn in a strange land, among enemies whose hearts were dead to every noble sentiment? &c. &c. &c. I repeat - all were against my return. But I desire to thank God, that he gave me strength to overcome this selfish and pernicious advice. Opposition served only to increase my ardor, and confirm my purpose.

But how was I to return? I had not a dollar in my pocket, and my time was expired. No one understood my circumstances. I was too proud to beg, and ashamed to borrow. My friends were prodigal of pity, but of nothing else. In the extremity of my uneasiness, I went to the Boston Post Office, and found a letter from my friend Sundry, enclosing a draft for \$100, from a stranger - yourself, as a remuneration for my poor, inefficient services in behalf of the slaves! Here Providence had again signally interfered in my behalf. After deducting the expenses of travelling, the remainder of the above named sum was applied in discharging a few of the debts incurred by the unproductiveness of the Genius.

As I lay on my couch one night, in jail, I was led to contrast my situation with that of the poor slave. Ah! my dear Sir, how wide





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the difference! In one particular only, (I said,) our conditions are similar. He is confined to the narrow limits of a plantation — I to the narrow limits of a prison-yard. Further all parallels fail. My food is better and more abundant, as I get a pound of bread and a pound of meat, with a plentiful supply of pure water, per diem. I can lie down or rise up, sit or walk, sing or declaim, read or write, as fancy, pleasure or profit dictates. Moreover, I am daily cheered with the presence and conversation of friends; — I am constantly supplied with fresh periodicals from every section of the country, and, consequently, am advertised of every new and interesting occurrence. Occasionally a letter greets me from a distant place, filled with consolatory expressions, tender remembrances, or fine compliments. If it rain, my room is a shelter; if the sun flame too intensely, I can choose a shady retreat; if I am sick, medical aid is at hand. — Besides, I have been charged with a specific offence — have had the privilege of a trial by jury, and the aid of eminent counsel — and am here ostensibly to satisfy the demands of justice. A few months, at the longest, will release me from my captivity.

Now, how is it with the slave? He gets a peck of corn (occasionally a little more) each week, but rarely meat or fish. He must anticipate the sun in rising, or be whipped severely for his somnolency. Rain or shine, he must toil early and late for the benefit of another. If he be weary, he cannot rest — for the lash of the driver is flourished over his drooping head, or applied to his naked frame; if sick, he is suspected of laziness, and



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treated accordingly. For the most trifling or innocent offence, he is felled to the earth, or scourged on his back till it streams with blood. Has he a wife and children, he sees them as cruelly treated as himself. He may be torn from them, or they from him, at any moment, never again to meet on earth. Friends do not visit and console him: he has no friends. He knows not what is going on beyond his own narrow boundaries. He can neither read nor write. The letters of the alphabet are cabalistical to his eyes. A thick darkness broods over his soul. Even the "glorious gospel of the blessed God", which brings life and immortality to perishing man, is a sealed book to his understanding. Nor has his wretched condition been imposed upon him for any criminal offence. He has not been tried by the laws of his country. No one has stepped forth to vindicate his rights. He is made an abject slave, simply because God has given him a skin not colored like his master's; and Death, the great Liberator, alone can break his fetters.

Reflections like the foregoing turned my prison into a palace. — Can you wonder, benevolent Sir, that I was enabled to sing, — after such an amazing contrast, — with a heart overflowing with gratitude, —

"When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise!"

If the public sympathy is so strongly excited in my behalf, because justice has been denied me in a single instance, how ought it to flame for





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two millions of as valuable and immortal souls, who are crushed beneath the iron car of despotism? O that my countrymen would look at things in their true light! O that they might feel as keenly for a black skin as for a white one! forgetting me entirely, and thinking only of the poor slave!

Your generosity deeply affects my heart; but as I have done nothing, and can do nothing, in the cause of African emancipation, to merit such a gift, I must receive your donation only as a loan on interest - to be repaid as soon as Providence may enable me to do so. At present, I am opulent in nothing but gratitude, though my language is cold and pensive. Be good enough to make my acknowledgements to Mr J. C. Lovejoy, for his friendly sympathies. Friend Lundy desires to be affectionately remembered. May God bless and prosper you and yours, is the prayer of

Wm Lloyd Garrison.

Ebenezer Dole,  
Hallowell, Maine.

\$100.

Baltimore, July 14, 1830.

For value received, I promise to pay Ebenezer Dole, or his order, the sum of One Hundred Dollars, with interest, on demand.

Witness, Isaac Knapp.

Wm Lloyd Garrison.

[Cancelled of course by Mr Dole]

[The above note was carefully covered off & cancelled by Mr. Dole.]











